

TOBACCO

BATTERED;

&

THE PIPES

SHATTERED

(About their Ears

that idly Idolize

so base & barbarous

a WEED;

OR

at least-Wise

ouer-loue so loathsome

VANITIE:)

by

A Volley of holy Shot

Thundered

From Mount HELICON.

A
Double Anagram,

George Viliers: Sir George Viliers,
Re-giue glories: Glorie-giuers rise.

SIr, Re-giue glories: Glorie-giuers rise.
Show fits your happy Fate, your happy Name!
wherein, a Precept with a Promise lies,
Presaging Good to grace-full BUCKINGHAM:
For, be you Great full for your Dignities;
GOD and the KING will still increase the same.
GOD, while you honour Him, will honour You:
The KING will honour, while you honour Him, new.

To the right Honourable

St. GEORGE VILIERS, Kt.

Baron of Whaddon: L. Viscount Viliers:

EARLE of BUCKINGHAM:

Master of the Horse to his Maty.

&

*Knight of the most Noble Order
of the Garter, &c.*

YOur Noble Order, and your hallowed Name,
Your Soueraign's Fauor, & your owne Profession,
Promise Your Valour towards the Suppression
Of Heathen Foes that Christian FAITH defame:
Hence, here presume we (by the Trump of Fame)
To call your Aide against the proud Oppression
Of th' Infidel usurping FAITH'S Possession,
That Indian Tyrant, onely Englands Shame.
Thousands of Ours here hath He Captiue taken,
Of all Degrees, kept vnder slauish Yoak,
Their God, their Good, King, Country, Friends for-
To follow Follie and to feed on Smoake. (aken)
Be GOD our Guide, St. GEORGE our Generall;
Whee shall repell Him, and redeem Them All.

At Yo^r. Lo^rs. Command
IS

The humble Echo
of The MVSSES.

A Warning-Piece.

R ight noble Nobles, Generous Gentlemen,
Lovers of Honor, and Your Countries Weal;
You'l need no VVarning to avoid our Peal;
Nor are in Leuel of our Powdered Pen:
Nor Those that Yet will yeeld, and turne agen
From th' Idol-Seruice of their Smoaky Zeal,
To serue their GOD, their KING, their Cōmon-weal.
We shoot at Manners, we would saue the Men.
But, Those rebellious that will still stand out
Under the Standard of our Heathen Foe,
With Pipe and Pudding rampir'd round about,
Puffing & Snuffing at their threatned VVoe;
At such, our Canor shall Here thunder thick:
Gunner, your Lin-stock, Come, giue Fier quick.

Tis best Praise-worthy, To haue pleas'd the Best:
This Wee endeuour; and defie the rest.

TO,

TOBACCO BATTERED.

WHAT-euer GOD created, first was good,
And good for Man ,while Man vprightly
But, falling Angels causing Man to fall, (stood
His foule Contagion con-corrupted All
His fellow-Creatures, for his Sinne accurst,
And for his sake transformed from their First;
Till G o D and M A N , Mans Leprie to re-cure,
By Death kild Death, re-making All things pure:
But, To the pare; not to the stil-Prophane,
Who (Spider-like) turne Blessings into Banes
Vsuring (right-les, thank-les,need-les) heer,
In wanton, wilfull, wastefull, lustfull Cheer,
Earths plentious Crop , which G o D hath onely giuen
Vnto his Owne, (Heires both of Earth and Heauen).
Who onely (rightly) may with Praise and Prayer,
Enjoy th'increase of Earth, of Sea, and Ayre,
Fowle, Fish, and Flesh, Gems, Metalls, Cattel, Plants;
And namely, (That which now no Ingle wants)
Indian T O B A C C O , when due cause requires;
Not the drie Dropse of Phantastick Squires.

None therefore deeme that I am now to learne
 (How euer dim I many things discerne)
 Reason and Season, to distinguish fit
 Th' *Vse* of a thing, from the *Abuse* of it ;
 Drinking, from drinking, *Saccharum cum Sacco* ;
 And taking of, from taking all TOBACCO.

Yet out of high Disdaine and Indignation,
 Of that sterre Tyrant's strangest *VSurpation*,
 Once, demi-Captiuе to his *puffing Pride*,
 (As millions are, too-wilfull foolifi'd)
 Needs must I band against the *need-leſſe Vſe*
 Of Don TOBACCO, and his *foule Abuse* :
 Which (though in *Inde* it be an Herbe indeed)
 In *Europe*, is no better then a Weed ;
 Which to their *Idols*, *Pagans* ſacrifice,
 And *Christians* (heir) doe wel-nigh *Idolize*:
 Which taking, *Heathens* to the Diuels bow
 Their Bodies; *Christians*, euen their Soules do vow.
 Yet th'*Heathen* haue, with th'*Jll*, ſome *Good* withall;
 Sith, Their *con-native*, 'tis *con-natural*.
 But, ſee the nature of abounding Sinne,
 Which more abounding Punishment doth winne
 For knowing Seruants wilfull Arrogance,
 Then filly Strangers ſauage Ignorance.

For, what to Them is Meat and Med'cinable,
Is turn'd to Vs a Plague intollerable.

Two smoakie Engines, in this latter Age
(Sathan's short Circuit; the more sharp his rage)
Haue beene inuented by too-wanted Wit,
Or rather, vented from th' Infernal Pit,
Gvns & TOBACCO-PIPES, with Fire and Smoak,
(At least) a Third part of Mankind to cheake:
(Which, happily, *th' Apocalyps fore-told) *9.17.
Yet of the Two, We may (thinke I) be bold,
In some respects, to thinke the Last, the Worst,
(How-euer Both in their Effects accurst.)
For, Gunns shoot from-ward, onely at their Foe;
Tobacco-Pipes, home-ward, into their Owne
(When, for the Touch-hole, firing the wrong end,
Into our Selues the Poysons force we send:)
Those, in the Field, in braue and hostile manner;
These, Cowardly, vnder a Couert Banner:
Those, with Defiance, in a Threatfull Terror;
These, with Affiance, in a Wilfull Error: (riddig;
Those, (though loud-roaring, goaring-deep) quick-
These, stilly stealing, longer Languors breeding:
Those, full of pain (perhaps) and fell despight:
These, with false Pleasure, and a seem-delight

(As Cats with Mice, Spiders with Flies) full rife
Pipe-playing, dallying, & deluding Life.

Who would not wonder, in these Sunny-Dayes
(So bright illightned with the G O S P E L's Rayes)
Whence so-much Smoak, & deadly Vapors come,
To dim & damne so much of Chriftendome?
But, wee must ponder too, These Dayes are Those
Wherein the Diuell was to be let loose;
And Yawning broad Gate of that blacke Abyss
To bee set ope, whose Bottome bound-les is;
That Sathan, destin'd, euermore to dwell
In Smoakie Fornace of that dark-some Cell,
In Smoak & Darknes might inure & train
His Owne deere Minions, while they heer remain;
Astroaguing Gyffes, tan their little Elves,
To make them tan'd and ouglie, like them Selves.

Then, in Despight, who-ever dare say Nay,
TOBACCONISTS, keep-on your Course: You may,
If you continuē in your Smoakie Vre,
The better far Hell's sulphuric Smoak indure;
And heerin (as in All your other Euill)
Grow neerer still and liker to the Diuell:
Sauc that the Diuell (if hee could re-voke)
Would fly from filthy & vnhealthy Smoak;

Wherein

Wherein (cast out of Heaven for hellish Pride)
Un-willing Hee, and Forced doth abide:

Which, heerin worse than Hee (the worst of ill)
You long-for, lust-for, lie-for, die-for still:

For as the Salamander liues in Fire,

You liue in Smoake; and with-out Smoake expire.

Should it be question'd (as right well it may)
Whether Discouerie of A. E. R. I. C. A.

That New-found World, haue yeelded to our Ould
More Hurt or Good: Till fuller Answer should

Decide the Doubt and quite determine it,

Thus for the present might we answer fit:

That Thereby Wee haue (rightly vnderstood)
Both giuen and taken greater Hurt then Good:

And that on both sides, both for Christians

It had been better, and for Indians,

That onely Good men to their Coast had come;

Or, that the Euill had still staid at home.

For, what our People haue brought Thence to vs,
Is like the Head-peece of a Polypus,

Wherein is (quoted, by sage Plutarch's Quill)

A Pest'ience great good, and great Pest'ience ill.

Wee had from Them, first, to augment our Stocks,

Two grand Diseases, Scurvie and The Pocks:

Then

Then, Two great Cordials (for a Counterpeize)
 Gold and TOBACCO; both which, many waies,
 Have done more Mischief than the former Twaine;
 And All together brought more Losse then Gain.

But, true it is, we had this Trash of Theirs,
 Onely in Barter, for our broken Wares.
 Ours, for the most part, caried out but Sin;
 And, for the most part, brought but Vngeance, in:
 Their Fraight was Sloth, Lust, Auarice, & Drink
 (A Burthen, able with the Waight, to sink
 The hugest Carrak; yea, those hallowed Twelve,
 Spains great Apostles even to ouer-whelue)
 They caried Sloath, & brought home Skuruy-skin;
 They caried Lust, and brought home Pocks within:
 They caried Auarice, and Gold they got:
 They caried Bacchus, & TOBACCO brought,
 Alas, poore Indians! that but English, None
 Could put them downe in their owne Trade alone!
 That none, but English (more Alas! more strange!)
 Could iustifie their pitifull Exchange.

Of Ali the Plants that Tellus boſowc yeelds,
 In Groues, Glades, Gardens, Marshes, Mountains,
 None ſo pernicious to Mans Life is knowne, (Fields,
 As is TOBACCO, ſaving HEMP alone.

Berwixt

Bewixt which Two there seemes great Sympathy,
To ruinate poore Adam's Progeny :
For, in them Both a strangling vertue note,
And Both of them doo worke vpon the Throate ;
The one, within it; and without, the other ;
And th'one prepareth Worke vnto the other.
For, There doo meet (I mean at Gayle & Galstones)
More of these beastly, base TOBACCO-Fellowes,
Then else to any prophane Haunt doo vske,
(Excepting stil *The Play-house* and *The Stewes*)
Sith 'tis Their common Lot, (so double-choaked)
Iust, bacon-like, to be hangd vp, and smoaked :
A Destinie, as proper to befall
To morall Swine, as to Swine naturall.

If there be any Herbe, in any place,
Most opposite to GOD's good Herb-of-grace,
'Tis doubtles This : and this doeth plainly proue-it,
That, for the most, most grace les men doo loue-it,
Or rather, doat most on this wither'd Weed,
Them Selues as wither'd in all gracious Deed.
'Tis strange to see, (and vnto me, a Wonder)
When the prodigious strange Abuse we ponder,
Of this vnruely, rustic Vegetal;
From moderne Symmies Iesu-Critical,

Carping

Carping at Vs, and casting in our Dish;
 Not Crimes, but Crums: as eating Flesh for Fish:)
 W' hear, in This Case, no Conscience-Cases holier.
 But, like to like; *The Diuell with the Collier.*

For, a TOBACCONIST (I dare auer)
 Is, first of all, a rank Idolater,
 As any of th' Ignatian Hierarchie:
 Next, as conformed to Their Fopperie,
Offering Day-light, and Good-night at Noone,
 Setting vp Candles to enlight the Sun:
 And last, the Kingdome of N E V V - B A B Y L O N
 Stands in a Darke and smoake Region;
 So full of such varietie of Smoaks,
 That there-with all all Pictie it choakes.

For, There is, First, the Smoake of Ignorance,
 The Smoake of Error, Smoake of Arrogance,
 The Smoake of Merit super-er'gatorie,
 The Smoake of Random. Smoake of PYRGATORIE,
 The Smoake of Censur. Smoake of Thurstyng
 Of Images, of Sathan's Furie-flying,
 The Smoake of Stewes (for Smoaking thence they come,
 As horrid hot as torrid sodome, some):
 Then, Smoake of POWDER-TREASON, Pistols, Knives,
 To blow vp Kingdomes, and blow-out Kings Lives;
 And

And lastly, too, TOBACCO's Smoakie-Mists,
 Which (comming from Iberian BAALISTS)
 No small addition of Adustion fit
 Bring to the Smoake of the Vnbottom'd PIT,
 Yerst opened, first, (as openeth Saint JOHN)
 By their A BADDON & APOLLYON.

But, sith They are contented to admire
 What They dislike not, if they not desire
 (For, with good reason may wee gheffe that They
 Who swallow Camels, swallow Gnatlings may);
 Tis ground enough for vs, in this Dispute,
 Their Vanities, thus obvious, to refute
 (Their Vanities, mysterious Mists of ROME,
 Which haue so long be-smoaked CHRISTENDOM).

And for the rest, it shall suffice, to say,
 TOBACCING is but a Smoakie Play.
 Strong Arguments against so weake a thing,
 Were need-less, or unsuitable, to bring.
 In this behalfe there needs no more be done,
 Sith of it Selfe the same will vanish soone:
 T' evaporate This Smoake, it is enough
 But with a Breath the same aside to puffe.

Now, My First Puffe shall but repell th'ill-Sauour
 Of Place & Persons (of debaucht behaviour)
 Where

Where 'tis most frequent : Second, shew you will,
How little Good it dooth : Third, how great Ill.

'Tis vented most in Taverns, Tippling-cots,
To Ruffians, Roarers, Tipsey-Tostie-Pots;
Whose Custome is, betweene the Pipe and Pot,
(Th' one Cold and Moist, the other Dry and Hot)
To skirmish so (like Sword-and-Dagger-fight)
That 'tis not easie to determine right,
Which of their weapon hath the Conquest got
Ouer their Wits; the Pipe, or else the Pot.
Yet, 'tis apparent, and by prooфе expresse,
Both stab and wound the Braine with Drunkennesse :
For, euен the Deriuation of the Name,
Seemes to allude and to include the same:

TOBACCO, as ΤΩ ΒΑΧΧΩ, one would say;
To (Cup-god) BACCHVS dedicated aye.
And, for Conclusion of this Point, obserue,
The Places which to these Abuses serue,
How-eyer, of them Selues, noisome ynough,
Are much more loathsome with the stench & stiffe,
Extracted from their limbeckt Lips and Nose.
So that, the Houses, common Haunts of Those,
Are liker Hell then Heau'n : for Hell hath Smoake;
Impenitent TOBACCONISTS to choake,

Though

Though never dead : There shall they have their Fill :
 In Heau'n is none, but Light and Glory still.

Next : Multitudes them daily, howrely drowne
 In this black Sea of smoak, tost vp and downe
 In This vast Ocean, of such Latitude,
 That Europe onely cannot all include,
 But out it rushes, ouer-ruons the Whole,
 And reaches, wel-nigh round, from Pole to Pole ;
 Among the Moores, Turks, Tartars, Persians,
 And other Ethnicks (full of Ignorance
 Of God and Good:) and, if wee shall look home,
 To view (and rew) the State of CHRISTENDOME,
 Vpon This Point, we may This Riddle bring ;
The subiect hath more Subiects than the King.
 For, Don TOBACCO hath an ampler Reign,
 Than Don PHILIPPO, the Great King of Spains,
 (In whose Dominions, for the most, it growes).
 Nay, shall I say, (O Horror, to suppose !)
Health'niſh TOBACCO (almost euery where),
In Christendome (CHRIST'S out-ward Kingdom here),
 Hath more Disciples than CHRIST bath (I feare)
 More Suite, more Service (Bodies, Souls, & Good)
 Than CHRIST, that bought vs with his precious

(Blood.
 O Great

O Great TOBACCO! Greater than Great *Cans*,
 Great *Turk*, Great *Tartar*, or Great *Tamberlan*!
 With Vulturs wings Thou hast (and swifter yet
 Than an Hungarian Ague, English sweat)
 Through all Degrees, flown, far, nigh; vp & down;
 From Court to Cart; frō Count to Country Clown,
 Not scorning *Scullions*, *Coblers*, *Colliers*,
Lakes-farmers, *Fidlers*, *Offlers*, *Oysterers*,
Rogues, *Gypses*, *Players*, *Pandars*, *Punks*, and All
 What common Scums in Common-Sewers fall.
 For, all, as *Vassals*, at Thy Beck are bent,
 And breathe by Thee, as their new Element.
 Which well may prove Thy *Monarchy* the Greatery
 Yet prove not Thee to be a whit the Better;
 But rather Worse: For Hell's wide-open Road
 Is easiest found, and by the Most still troad.
 Which, euen the *Heathen* had the Light to know
 By Arguments, as many times they show.

Heer may wee also gather (for a need)
 Whether TOBACCO be an *Herb* or *Weed*;
 And Whether the extessest Vice be fit,
 Or good or bad; by those that fauour it,
Weeds, wild and wicked, mostly entertain it;
Herbes, holesom *Herbes*, and holy minds disdain it.

If then, TOBACCONING be good : How is't,
That lewdest, loosest baseſt, foolishhest,
The most vnhirſty, most intemperate,
Most vicious, most debaucht, most desperate ;
Purſue it moſt : The Wileſt and the Beſt
Abhor it, ſhun it, flic it, as the Peſt,
Or piercing Poſon of a Dragons Whiſk,
Or deadly Eye-shot of a Baſilisk ?

If Wiſedome baulk it, muſt it not be Folly ?
If Verteue hate it, is it not vnholy ?
If Men of Worth, and Minds right generouſe
Discard it, ſcorne it : iſt not ſcandalous ?
And (to conclude) is it not, to the Diuell
Moſt pleaſing; pleaſing ſo (moſt) the moſt Eaſill.

MY ſecond Puffe, is Proof How little Good
This Smoak hath done (that euer heare I cou'd)
For, firſt, there's none that takes TOBACCO moſt,
Moſt viſually, moſt earnestly, can boaſt
That the exceilue and continuall uſe
Of This dry ſuck-at euer did produce
Him any Good, Ciuill, or Naturall,
Or Morall Good, or Artificiall :
Uňleſſe perhaps they will alleadge it, drawes
Away the Ill which ſtill it Selſe doth cauſe.

T o b a c c o

Which Course (me thinks) I cannot liken better,
 Then to an *Vsurer's* Kindnesse to his Debter;
 Who, vnder Shew of Lending, stil substracts
 The Debters Owne, and then His owne exacts;
 Til at the last he utterly confound-him,
 Or leaue him Worse & Weaker then he found-him.

Next, if the Custome of TOBACCONING
 Yeld th'Users any Good, in any thing;
 Either they *have* it, or they *bope* it prest:
 (By proose and practice, taking stil the best)
 For, none but Fooles wil the to Ought beslauie,
 Whence Benefit they neither *bope*, nor *have*:

Therefore, yet farther (as a *Questionist*)
 I must inquire of my TOBACCONIST,
 Why, if a *Christian* (as some, sometimes seeme)
 Believing G o d, waiting all Good from Him,
 And vnto Him all Good again referring;
 Why (to eschew th'Vngodly's Grace-less erring)
 Why pray they not? Why praise they not His Name
 For hoped Good, & Good had by this same?
 As all men doo, or ought to doo, for All
 The Gifts & Goods that from His GOODNES fall.
 Is't not, because they neither *bope*, nor *have*,
 Good (Hence) to thank GOD for, nor farther craue:

But

But, as they had it from the *Heathen*, first;
So *Heathenishly* they use it still, accurst:
And (as some iest of *Oysters*) This is more
Pngod.y Meat, both *Aster* and *Before*.

Lastly, if all Delights of all Mankind
Be *Vanitie, Vexation* of the Mind;
All vnder Sunne: Must not TOBACCO be,
Of Vanities, the vainest *Vanitie*?
If *Solomon*, the Wisest earthly Prince,
That euer was before, or bath bin since;
Knowing All Plants, and them perusing All,
From *Cedar* to the *Hyssop* on the Wall;
In none of all profesteth, that he found
A firme Content, or Consolation found:
Can We suppose that any Shallowling
Can find much Good in oft-TOBACCONING?

MY Third & last *Puffe*, points at the *Great Enij*
This noisom *Vaper* works (through wily diuel).
If we may iudge; if Knowledge may be had
By their Effects, how things be good or bad;
Doubt-les, th'Effects of This pernicious *Weed*
Be many *bad*, scarce any *good*, indeed:
Nor dooth a Man scarce any *Good* contain,
But of This *Enij* iustly may complain;

As thereby, made in every Part the Worse,
In Body, Soule, in Credit, and in Purse.

FOr, first of all, it falls on his *Good-name* ;
And so be-smears, and so be-smoaks the same,
That never after scarce discerned is't.

Rare good Report of a TOBACCONIST :
Where, if to take it, were a vertuous thing,
Twould to the Taker's Commendation bring ;
And somewhat grace them (thogh they els were bad)
Or hide, a little, the Defects they had :
But, from their Credit rather it abates,
And their Disgraces rather aggravates :
And how-much better that they were before,
It stinks the worse, & stains their Name the more.

For, if a Swearer, or a Swaggerer,
A Drunkard, Dicer, or Adulterer,
Proue a TOBACCONIST , it is not much :
'Tis suitable, 'tis well-beleeming Such;
(No lesse than flaring, garish, whorish Tire,
Which now-adayes most *Mad-dames* most desire:
Owle-fac't Chatrones, Cheeks painted, Island Tresse,
Bum Bosse-abour, with broad deep-naked Brests ;
Borrowed & brought from loole Venetians ,
Becomes Pocke-batch & Shorditch Courtizans).

Not that TOBACCONING is not amisse :
But that the bright Noon of their better Vice,
Spred farr & wide, doth darken and put downe
TOBACCO-taking, and it's Twilight drowne.

But, let it be of any truely sayd,
Hee's great, religious, learned, wise, or bas'd ;
But, hee is lately turn'd TOBACCONIST :
O ! what a Blurr ! What an Abatement is't !
'Tis like a handfull som Augens Stable,
Cast in the Face of Beawties fairest Table.
Whence it appears, This too-too to frequent,
It is not good ; no, not indifferent.

It best becomes a Stage, or else a Stewes,
Or Dicing-house, where All Disorders vse.
It ill beseeems a Church, Colledge, or Court,
Or any Place of any Ciuill sort :
It fits Blasphemers, Russians, Atheists,
Damu'd Libertines, to be TOBACCONISTS :
Not Magistrates, not Ministers, not Schollers
(Who are, or should be Sinnes seuere Comptrollers)
Nor any wise and sober personage,
Of Grauitie, of Honestie, of Age.

It were the fittest Furniture (that may)
For Diuell, in a Picture, or a Play,

To represent him with a fierie Face,
 His Mouth & Nostrils puffing Smoak apace,
 With staring Eyes, and in his griezly Gripe,
 An ouer-growne, great, long TOBACCO-Pipe.
 Which sure (methinks) the most TOBACCONIST
 Must needs approue, and euen applaud the Iest:
 But much more Christians hence obserue, how euill
 It them becomes, that so becomes the Deuill.
 And therfore think This *Weed*, a Drugge for *Jewes*
 More fit by far, [who did so foule abuse
 (Base rheumy Rascals) with their Spawlings base
 Our louing SAVIOURS louely-reuerend Face,
 Whom (wilful-blind, stiffe-necked, stupifi'd)
 They spet on, scorned, scourged, Crucifi'd]
 Than for vs Christians, who His Name adore,
 Whom by His Death he doth to Lifes restore.

If, notwithstanding All that hath bin said,
 TOBACCONISTS will still hold on their Trade,
 And by their Practice still hold vp their Name,
 Though *Jewes*, though *Diuels*, better suite the same;
 I'le say no more but only This, of This:
 Henceforth, let none whose meaner Lot it is
 To live in Smoak; Lime-burners, Alchymists,
 Brick-makers, Brewers, Colliers, Kitchenists;

B A T T E R B D.

55

Let Salamanders, Swallowes, Bacon-fishes,
Red-Sprats, and Herings, and like Chimnie-wretches,
Think no Disparagement, nor hold them base:
T O B A C C O N I S T S their Companie will grace,
And teach them make a Virtue of Necessitie,
Turning their Smoake into a grace-fool-Assissis.

Next the Good-Name, now let *The Bodie shewe*
What Wrongs to it from out T O B A C C O flow:
For, as That is Man's baser Part, indeed,
It is most basely handled by This Weed.

And First (as was significantlie said
Before our Soueraigne, by an Oxford Head)
T O B A C C O, Smoak into the Parlour putt,
And baleſt Office in the best Roome shuts,
While to the Head it doth exhale and hoift
The Bodies filthie and ſuperfluuous Moiſt;
Causing a moist Brain, by vnceaſt Supply
Of Rheumes ſtill drawne to th'Bodies ſtillarie:
Which in experioce, and in reaſon, make
Men moſt vnapt Deep thing to vndertake.
For, for the moſt part, ſhallow are the Wits,
Concepſts, and Counſaills of T O B A C C O N I T S.
Sith Wiſedome dwells in Drye: Her proper Seat
Is a drye Brain, embatteld well with Heat.

Also,

Also, it tries and dries away the Blood
 (As did that Persian the Euphratean Flood,
 To conquer Babylon) by whose incrasion,
 The Vital Spirits, in an vnwonted fashion
 Are bay'd, and barred of their Passage due
 Through all the veines, their vigour to renew:
 So that the Humors (as all out of frame)
 Tending to putrefie and to inflame,
 Fire the whole House; from whence there followes eues
 A dangerous, if not a deadly Feuer.

Lastly, this boyling, broyling, of the Blood,
 Breeds much aduerted Melancholy-Mood
 (Sathan's fit Saddle, from their sullen Cell,
 To ride, in post, his wretched Slaves to Hell,
 With Two keen Spurres (too-quick in their Effect)
 Th' one of Excesse, the other of Defect;
 A violent Passion, pushing Reason back,
 Or fell Despaire, when Conscience is awake.)
 For, as of all Insensibles, hath none
 More Melancholie and Aduision,
 Then Chimnies haue; What kind of Chimny is't,
 Lesse Sensible then a TOBACCONIST?
 And in receiuing Smoake, sith th' are so equall;
 Can their aduision then be much vnequall?

Thus

Thus then the Habit of TOBACCONING,
 Makes one more Chimny-like then any thiog.
 Some also think it causeth exsiccation
 (As of the Blood) of Seed of generation;
 By th' acrimonie stirring more to couet,
 Then fruitfully producing Issue of it:
 Whence, we may learne to maruell somuch lesse,
 That (for the most) our Gentles, that professe
 TOBACCONISME, loue *Lensman*. Since so well
 Orthat such Legions of the Base pel-met,
 Vnder the Standard of TOBACCO, vse
 To Turn bull first, then to *Our Bartholmewes*.

And where there haue been many great Inquests
 To find the Cause Why Bodies still grow lesse,
 And daily neerer to the Pigmies Size
 This, among many Probabilities,
 May passe for one: that their Progenitours
 Did gladly foment their interiours
 With holelome Food, unmixed, moderate,
 And timely Liquors duely temperate:
 But, new-adaias, Their Issue inly choake
 And dry them vp (like Herrings) with This Smoakes
 For, Herrings, in the Sea, are large and full,
 But shrink in bloating and together pull:

Whence

Whence, in effect, Smoak vnto Smoak referring,
TOBACCONISTS are not unlike Red Herring.

Vndoubtedly, beyond all Moderation
It dries the Bodie, rubs of irrigation
The thirstie parts; so that the bowels cry
For Moist and Cold, to temper Hot and Dry:
Whence, th' Elementall Qualities of Theirs,
In Faction, fall together by the Eares.

For, in the Herbe excesse of Dry and Hot,
Drawes-in excesse of Cold-Moist from the Pot;
For which they troupe to th' Ale-house shortly after,
As rats-ban'd Rats doe hie them to the Water.
And yet, their liquid Cooler cures them not,
No more then Water doth the baned Rat:
For th' Heat and Drought of th' Herb American
Being intensive (fitter call'd Man-Bane)
The one dries vp the Humour Radicall,
The other drownes the Calor Naturall.

But the most certaine and apparant Ill
Is an Ill Habit which doth hant them still;
Transforming Nature from her natiue Mould:
For, Custome we another Nature hold.
And This vile Custome is so violent,
And holdeth his Customers at such a Bent,

That

that though therby more Hurt then Good they doubt:
To die for it, they cannot liue without.
Which doubtless, is a miserable State:
For, Men are surely the more Fortunate,
Of fewer Creatures that they stand in need:
More, but more Bondage, and less freedome breed.
A House that must haue many Props and Stayes
Is neerer Fall, and faster it decayes:
Variety and Surfeit feed the Spittle,
And fill the Gravne. Nature's content with little.

Why then should Man, living and rationall,
Beslue himselfe to a dead Vegetall?
Why, demi-heauenly, and most free by Birth,
Should he be bound vnto this Childe of Earth?
Why, Lord of Creatures, should He serue: at least,
Whysuch a Creature, baser then a beast?

O F: had I seen Fooles of all sorts frequent it,
Fooles of all Size, Fooles of all Sexes haue it,
Fooles of all Colours, Fooles of all Complexions,
Fooles of all Fashions, Fooles of all Affections,
Fooles naturall, Fooles artifciall,
Fooles rich and poore, young Fooles, old Fooles, & all;
Whom, Foole I pitied, for their wilfull Folly,
Supposing, None discreetly Wise (or Holy)

Could

Could be entangled with so fond a thing,
As is the habit of TOBACCONING.
For, what Discretion, or what Wisdome can,
Think Physick Food, or Medicine Meat, for Man?

I rather thought Vlyffes rather would
Have stopt his Eares, Eyes, Hands, & Mouth with-hold
From such a Cyrene Drug, whose working strange,
Would soon his best into a Beast exchange.
But when I saw some Wise ones snared in
This Spanish Cobweb (Sathan's speciall Gin)
And that so fast, they cannot when they would
Get out againe ; or will not if they could :
Wisdome, me thought, must varie much ; or else
This Were is spiced with some Foraine Spels,
So to bewitch the Wise (need-less, and willing)
To take and loue ; and not to leauue it, willing.
For, those that say and sweare they eu'en abhorre it,
Cannot abandon, but Thus handie for it :

Tis good (say They) Tis speciall good for Rheumes ;
Exhalles grosse Humors, their Excesse consumes ;
And voids with-all, all Inconuenience
There-on depending, or descending Thence.
Which should I grant, it must be yet with Clauses
Of needfull Caution, suitable to Causes ;

When time requireth Preparation fit
To rarifie congealed Rags of it ;
Which by the Heat and Drynesse, probably,
This Plant performes, in mediocritie :
Or else, where the abundant Quantity,
Dangerous Effect, malignant Quality,
Of ouer-moistures, aske *Evacuation*,
To free the Parts from totall Inundation.

How-be-it, many safer Meanes there are,
Better and fitter in themselues by fare ;
More certaine, more direct; with lesse adoo,
Lesle Cost, lesse Damage, and lesse Danger too
Than *DON T O B A C C O*'s damnable Infection,
Slutting the Body, slauing the Affection.

Twere therefore better somewhat else to seek
Then rest in this, so worthie of Dis-like ;
Sith, curing Thus one small Infirmitie,
It doth create a greater Malady,
When there-by freed (perhaps) from Rheume, ye fall
In Bondage of this *Custome* capitall.
For, they that *Physicke* to a *Custome* bring,
Bring their Disease too, to accustoming.
Perpetuall *Physicke* must of force imply
Perpetuall Sicknesse : or deep Foolerie

Compos'd of Antiche and of Phrantick too :
For where's no Sickness, what should Medicins doe ?

THus for the Bodie : Now the Soule diuine

With This wilde Goose-Grasse of the Perusine
Hath Foure great Quarrels, in foure-fold respect
Of her Foure Faculties ; the Intellect,
The Memory, the Will, the Conscience ;
All which are wronged, if not wounded, Thence.

First, in th' Intellect, it d'outs the Light,
Darkens the House, dims th' vnderstanding's Sight ;
Through newer-craft successiōn of Humidities,
The Dame of dulnesse, Mother of Stupidities ;
Making Mans generous Braine (best, dry and hot)
Lie drown'd, and driueling like a Changeling Sot.
Why then should Man, to put out Reason's Eye,
Suffer his Soule in Smoakie Lodge to lyēd
Far, though some others, and my Selfe by proofe
(When scornefully I tooke it but in snuffe)
Hauetē by sometimes found some benefit ;
Superfluous Humors from the Braine to quit,
To cleer the Voyce, and cheer the Phantasie,
Which, for the present, it did seem supply :
Yet doth the Custome (as we likewise finde)
Dis-nesue the Bodie, and dis-apt the Minde.

Next; It decayes and mars the *Memorie*,
And brings it to strange Imbecillitie,
By still attraction of continuall *Moist*,
Which from the lower parts it wonts to hoist:
For, though best *Memorie* dwel in a Brain
Moist-moderate; Yet over-*moist*, againe
Makes it so laxe, so diffluent and thin,
That nothing can be firmly fixt there-in;
But instantly it slides and slips-away,
As weary heelles on wet and slippery Clay.
For Prooфе whereof: None more forgetfull is
Of *Good* and *Good*, than are *Tobacconists*.

Touching th' *Affections*, they are tir'd nolesse
By This fell Tyrants insolent Excesse:
For, the *Adusion* of th' inherent *Heat*,
Drought, *Acrimonie* (*Tartar-like*) doth fret;
Makes men more loudain and more heed-less heady,
More fullo-sowr, more stubbornely-vnsteady,
More apt to wrath, to wrangle, and to braule;
To giue and take a Great Offence, for Small;
Cause-less Rejoycing, and as cause-less Sorry,
Exceeding-Mournefull, and excessive-Merry:
Whence growes, in fine, excessive Griefe & Fear;
For Dumpier none than the *Tobacconer*:

None sadder than the gladdest of their Host;
 None hating more than hee that loued most ;
 None fearing more, none danted more than such
 As, in a *Passion*, rather dar'd too-much.

For, *Relatiues in'eparable dwell'*:

And Contraries their Contraries expell.

And (with th' old Poet) *To the Cox-combs Course,*
Flying a Fault, to fall into a Wor, &c.

But if they say, that sometimes, taking it,
 The Minde is freed from some instant Fit
 Of Anger, Griefe, or Feare ; Experience tells
 It is but like some of our Tooth-ake Spells,
 Which for the present seem to easse the Pain,
 But after, double it with more Rage again,
 Because a little, for the time, it drawes,
 But leuves behinde the very Root and Cause.

Lastly, the *Conscience* (as it is the best)
 This *Indian* Weed doth most of all molest ;
 Loading it daily with such Weight of Sin,
 Where-of the least shall at the last come-in
 To strict Account : the Losse of precious houres,
 Neglect of GOD, of Good, of Vs, of Ours :
 Our ill Example, prodigall Excesse,
 Vain Words, vain Oathes, Dice, Daring, Drunkennes,
 Sloath;

Sloath, iesting, scoffing, turning Night to Day,
And Day to Night; Disorder, Disaray;
Places of Scorne and publicke Scandall banting;
Persons of base and beastly Life frequenting, (bers,
Theeues, Vothrifts, Rushans, Robbers, Roarers, Drab-
Bibber's, B'isphemers, Shifters Shakers Stabbers:
This is the *Rendez-vous*, These are the Lills,
Where do encounter Most **T O B A C C O N I S T S :**
Wherein they walk, like a blind Mill-horse, round
In the same Circle, on the selte same ground;
Forgetting how, Dayes, Months, and Yeeres do passe;
No more regarding, than an Ore or Asse,
How Age growes on, How Death attendeth them,
G o D knowes how neer: (*Whom on each side beheld*
A late Repentance, or a flat Despaire)
And after That, a noysome stinking Aire
Of their infamous rotten *Memory*
With Men on Earth; in Heauen with G o D on his
A Fearfull Doom: and finally in Hell,
Infinite of Fierie Torments fell.

The Last and least of all **T O B A C C O .** harms
Is to the Purse: which yet it so becharmes,
That Juggler-like it iesteth out all the Pelfe,
And makes a Man a *Pick-purse* to himselfe,

For, as by This, th' Iberian Argonauts
 May be suppos'd (euen among serious Thoughts)
 T' haue kill' more Men than by their Martyrdome
 Or Massacre (which yet to Millions come)
 So, by the Same they haue vndone more Men,
 Than *Vsurie* (which takes from Hundred, Ten)
 And ne-where more than in *This witched Isle* :
 Woe to their Fraudes, Woe to vs Fooles, the-while.

How-many Gentiles, not of Meaneſt Sort
 (Whose Fathers liu'd in honourable Port,
 For Table, Stable, and Attendance fit ;
 Loving their Countrie, and belou'd of it)
 Leauing their Neighbours, fly from their Approach,
 And, for the most keep House in a *Caroach*
 (Hells newfound Cradles ! where are rockt aſleep
 Mischiefes that make our Common-weale to weep.)
 Or in ſome *Play-houſe*, or ſome *Ordinarie*,
 Or in ſome Peece of ſome *Vn-Sanctuarie* ; wauſe,
 Where, throgh their *Pipe-puft Nose* more *Smoak* they
 Than all the *Chimneyes* their great Howſes haue;
 Consuming more in their *Obscure-Obscenitie*,
 On *Smoake* and *Smock*, with their appendent *Vanity*,
 Thaſt their brau: Elders did, when they maintained
 Honour at home, and foraine Glory gaind.

How

How doe they rack & wrack, & grate, & grinde,
Shuffle and cut, wrangle, and turne, and windre,
Borrow and begge(vnder a Courtly Cloake)
And all too-little for This liquorish Smoake?

Alas the while ! that men Thus needs will be
Begger'd, vndone (of no Necessitie)
In Bodie, Mind, and Meaos ; vnapt, vnable
For any Good, through This so need-less Bable.

For, What a Folly, through the Nose to puffe
Th'whole Bodie's Portion, in This idle stuffe !
Or, what need any with T O B A C C O , more
Now meddle, than his Ancestors before ?
Who knew it not, but had, without it, Health,
Liu'd long and lusty, in abundant Wealth.
Or, what is any, when he all hath spent,
The better for This deer Experiment ?
Which now-adaiers a number daily finde
Like Alchymie (though in another Kinde)
To circulate, and calcinate (at length)
Insensibly (T O B A C C O hath such Strength)
Manours, Demains, Goods, Cattell, Elme, & Oake,
Gold, Siluer, All ; to Ashes and to Smoake,
While all too-busie blowing at the Coale,
Deiect their Body, and neglect their Soule.

For, O! What place is left to Christianitie,
 Mongst such a Crew (nay; almost to Humanitie)
 Where Oathes, Puf-snuffing, Spauing-Excrement,
 Are reall Parts of GENTLES Compiement?

And, for our Vulgar, by whose bold Abuse,
 TOBACCONING hath got so generall Use ;
 How mightily have they since multiplid
 Taverns, Tap-houies : where, on every side,
 Most sinfully hath Maudit been taken heer,
 In nappie Ale, and double-double Beer ?
 Invincible, in a Threefold Excuse ;
 Strong Drink, strong Drinking, & strange Drunkennesse.
 Which on the Land here brought, so visiblie,
 So great a Mischief, so past Remedy,
 That Thousands dailey into Beggary sink
 Through Idlenesse ; in wilfull Debt for Drinke.
 Nor can the Lawe's severest Curb keep-in
 This coltish, common, pruledged Sin.

Then (shallow Reptile, superficiall Gnat)
 Why doe I humme ? why doe I bise there-at ?
 Bewawfull Injustice will with keener Edge
 Clip short (I hope) this lawcie Priuiledge ;
 And at one Blowe cut-off this Over-Drinking,
 And euer Droppe of TOBACCO-snuffing :

When

When Our VICES though at Peace with Men,
At Warre with Vices) as His armed Pen
[Ameng the LABOURS of his Royall hand,
Where Piety and Prudence (ioyntly) stand
Eternall PILLERS to His glorious Name;
Vnto all Times to testifie the same,
BRITANN'S right Beau-Clerk, both for Word and
For Knowledge, Judgement, Method, Memory: (Writ:
The Miracle, The ORACLE of Wit:
Divine and Morall ENCYCLOPAEDIA]
Hath, as with Arrowes, from His sacred Sides,
All-ready chac't These flinking Symphalides;
Shall, with the Trident of some sharpe Edict,
Seuere enacted, executed strict,
Clense all the Staules of This Augean Dung,
Which hath so long corrupted Old and Young:
Or, at the least, impose so deep a Taxe
On All these Basil, Leaf, Cane, & Pudding Packes;
On Seller, or on Buyer, or on Both,
That from Henceforth the Commons shalbe loth
(Viveling-Wife) with that grane Greeke, to buy
Smok, and Repentance at a Price to hie.
If, notwithstanding, Yet some Wealthy will
Needs poyson, and vndoo them with it, still;

It shall be onely some of Those prophane
 Loose Prodigals (their Countries Blot and Bane)
 Best to be par'd, least to be mist; whole Lands
 (If anie left) will come to Wiser hands
 Than such weak Ninnies, needing Wardship yet;
 Not for their want of Age, but want of Wit.

Aridius Cassius (as Lampridius shewes)
 Did first inuent, and first of all impose
 That vncouth Manner of tormenting Folk,
 On a high Beame to smoothe them with Smoak:
 Where, had TOBACCO bin then known, he need
 But haue enioy'd them to haue tane that Weed.

But, with more Reason and more Equitie,
Seneca Cesar, when he did discry
 The double-dealing of *Vetronius*
 [A Cousening Courtier (Such are none with Vs)]
 A lack-of both-sides, with both hands to play
 (As now-adayes some Lawyers doo, they say)
 Faining great Fauour with his Soueraign,
 To take great Bribes of Many, to obtain
 Great Suits; for whom his Prince he neuer mou'd]
 Aloud complain'd of, and apparant prou'd;
 Caus'd his falfe Minion with this Doom to choak ,
 Let the smoak-seller suffocate with Smoake;

Which,

Which, our Smoak Merchants would no lesse befit;
TOBACCO-Mongers, Bringers-in of it:

Which yearly costs (they say, by Audit found)
Of better Wares an hundred Thousand pound.

And, if the Sentence of this Heathen Prince,
On That Impostor, for his Impudence,
Were iust: How iuster will the Heau'ny GOD,
Th' Eternal, punish with infernall Rod.

In Hell's darke (Fornace, with black Fumes, to choak)
Those, that on Earth will fl. in offend in Smoaks
Offend their Friends, with a Most vn Respect:
Offend their Wiues and Children with Neglect:
Offend the Eyes, with foule and harshom Spawlings:
Offend the Nose, with filthy Fum's exhalings:
Offend the Eares, with lowd lew i Execrations:
Offend the Meuth, with ougly Execrations:
Offend the Sense, with stupefying Sense:
Offend the Weake, to follow their Offense:
Offend the Body, and offend the Mide:
Offend the Conscience in a tearefull kinde:
Offend their Baptisme, and their Second Birth:
Offend the Maiestie of Heau'n and Birth.

Woe to the world because of such offenses:
So voluntaire, so voyd of all pretences

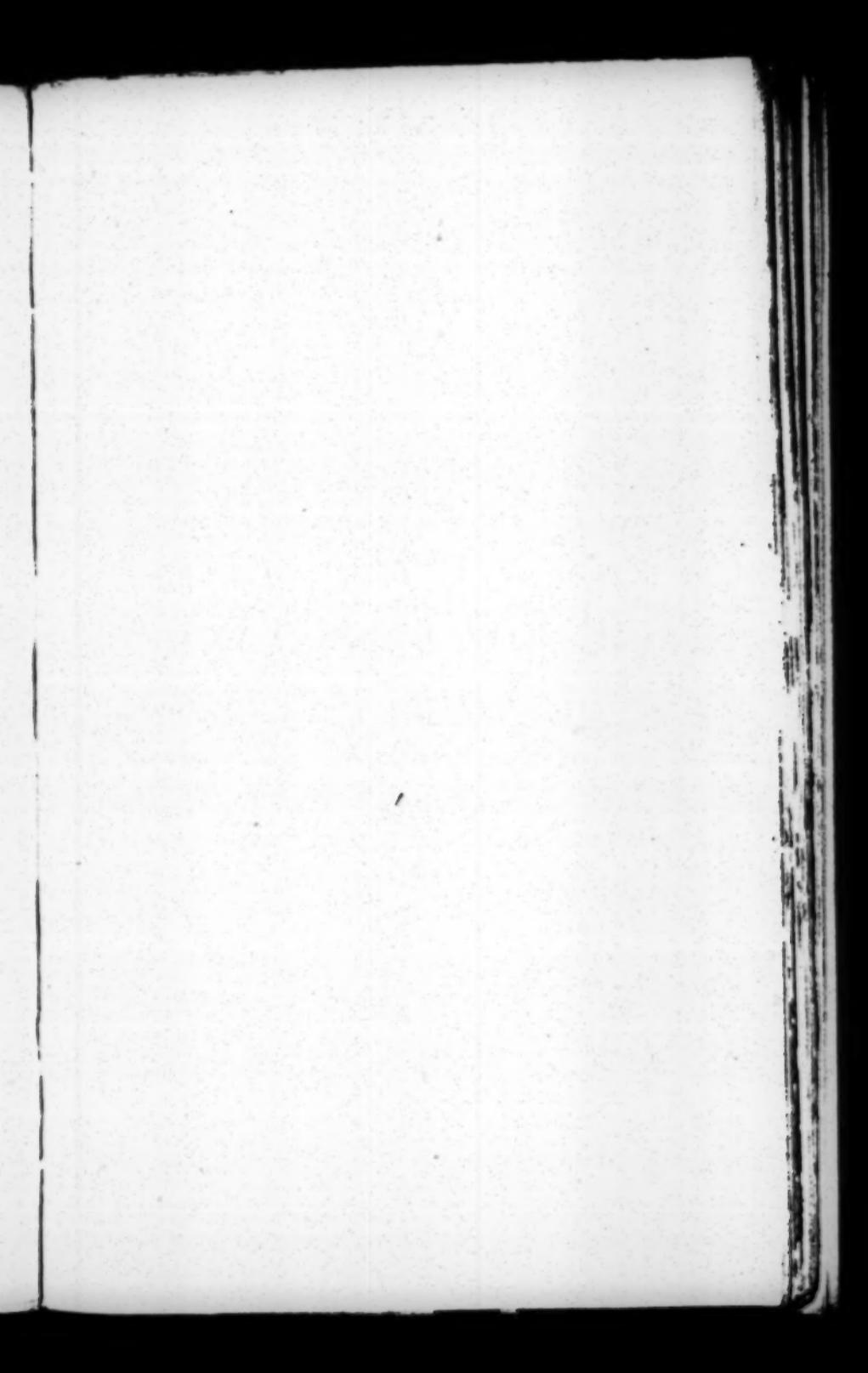
Of all Excuse (faue Fashion, Custome, Will)

In so apparant, proued, granted, Ill.

Woe, woe to them by Whom Offences come,

So scandalous to All our CHRISTENDOME.

FINIS.



SI

S

A

SIMILE non est IDEM:

Seeming is not the-Same.

OR

All's not GOLD that glisters.

A

CHARACTER

of

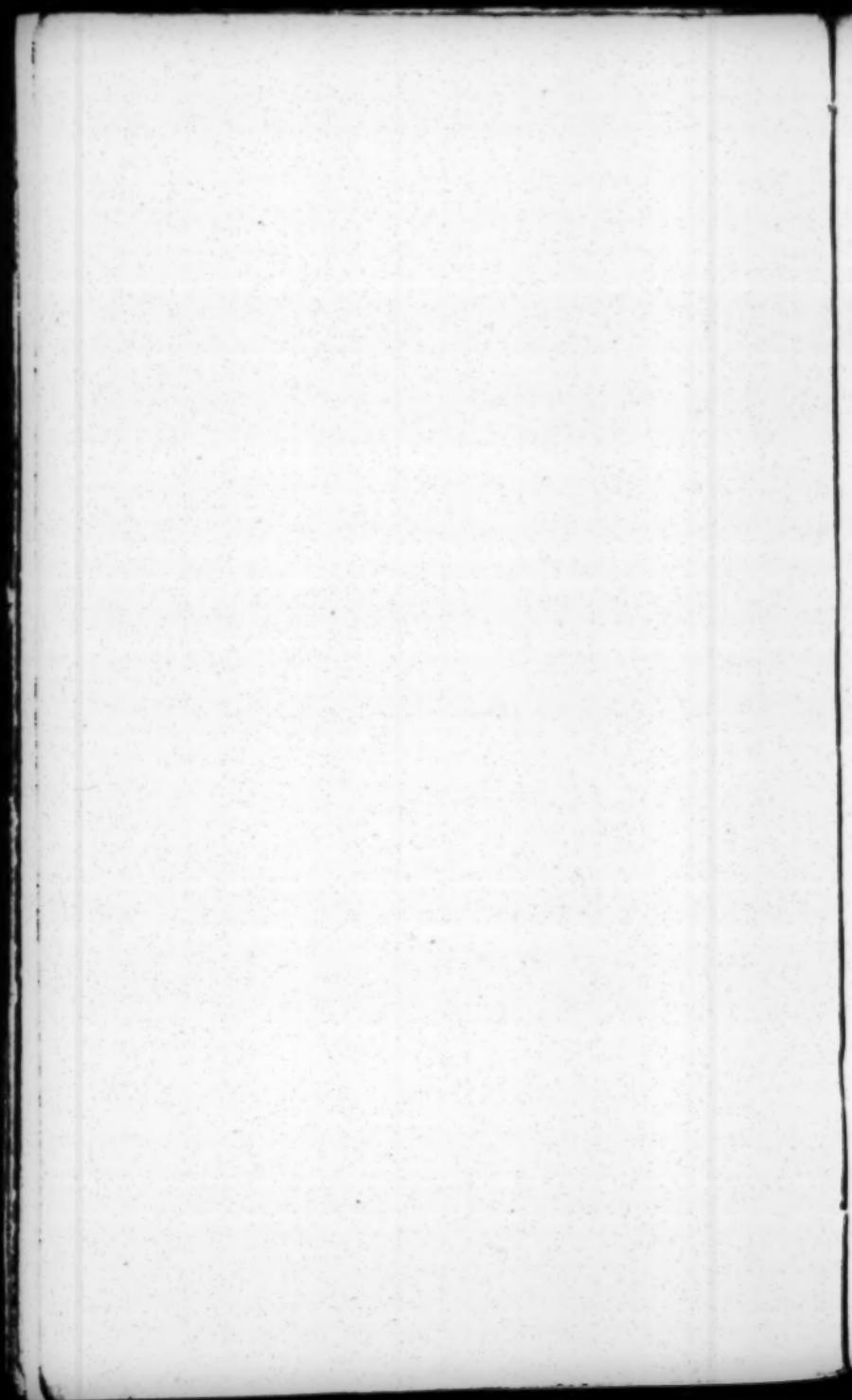
This corrupted Time,

which makes

RELIGION

but

A Cover-Crime.



The worthily-Honored,

S^r. HENRIE BAKER,

Knight-Baronet.

Tis better late, than neuer to repay :
 Better a little, than no Part at all :
 Take therefore, in good-part, This Part (though small)
 Of your great Debt : & pardon my Delay,
 Till (more mine Owne) with more Respect, I may
 In better Measure (as I hope, I shall)
 Answer your Merit; though not answer all
 Your Boundies Bonds, renewed Day by Day.

You mind your M A K E R , in your Dayes of Youth :
 You shew vs, by your Works, your Fairh's sincerity:
 You are so friendly to the Friends of Truth ,
 Your vertuous Life so proues your Loue to Veritie,
 That None, I thought, could, with more patient Eye,
 Abide to looke on This ANATOMIE.

Your Vertues

Humble Honourer,

I O S T A N S Y L V E S T E R .

H

I
R

C
W
A

SIMILE non est IDEM:

Seeming is not The-Same.

or

All is not GOLD, that glisters.

I

HOW TIMES are chang'd! and Web with Times;
In new, nefarious, various Crimes!
 Exceeding all that haue preceeded,
 In Pride, in Fraud, in Filth, in Force,
 Rape, Treason, Peyson, past Remorse;
 Such, as (in Time) will scarce be creeded.

2

O Mindes! O Manners, most absurd!
 When (to the Scandal of *The Word*)
 The more our Light, the worse our Works:
 When seeming S A N C T S be nothing lesse;
 And more Profane, Who most Professe,
 Than Infidels, or Jewes, or Turks.

I

And

3

And when, between our roaring GIANTS,
 That openly, bid Heau'n Defiance,
 Heaping vp Hill's of Wickednes;
 And th' undermining close despights
 Of double-hearted Hypocrites,
 Masking in Hollow-Holinesse;

4

From Earth are FAITH & TRUTH exil'd;
 False Error hath all Hearts beguil'd:
 All ouer All A B U S E S raigne.
 Virtue is Vice; Vice, Virtue grown,
 Justice is iustled from her Owne;
 Honor and Right are in disdaigne.

5

'Tis, To be Foolish, To be Wise:
 With Reason, is Against the Guise:
 Read they that can My Riddle right.
 Christ, Sonne of Man; and GOD of Hoastis;
 How-many of Thy Baptisme boasts,
 Wholife doth to the death defi't!

For

6

For, Thy Disciples Thee belieue;
And in Thee onely double-lieu;
According to Thy GOSPEL's veritie:
But, dare Wee say, that Wee are such;
When now-a-layes in Poore or Rich,
Is found nor *Faith*, nor *Hope*, nor *Charity*?

7

G O D hath engrauen in every Soule
A native Law, on Natures Roule;
Whereby (alas) We stand convict:
And Precedents of pious Zeal,
Who by their Bloods, their *Hopes* did seal,
To double Death condemne vs, strict.

8

Wee ought infinge That Statute neuer,
From everlasting firm'd for-euer:
Doo, as Thou wouldest it be done unto:
Doo not, what Their wouldest not accept.
O pure, plaine, gentle, iust Precept!
Yet This (alas) Who lookes to doo?

9

When all Degrees, so tender bin
 Towards them Selues, without, with-in,
 They, neither Wrong, nor Right, can suffer:
 But towards Others (made as They,
 By the same hand, of the same Clay)
 Against all Rights, all Wronges doo offer.

10

L O R D, Thou hast said, & show'n it clear
 (When in thy Flesh, Thou sojourn'dst here)
Thy Kingdom is not of This World:
 So shall I euermore suspect,
 While here I see, with such neglect,
Thy Holy Statutes after-hurl'd.

11

All chose (*O Lord*) that cry , *Lord, Lord;*
 With Shadow of thy Sacred Word,
 To cloak their Wickednesse, with-in;
 Are none of *Thine* : but, of *Thy Name*
 Profanely make a Mocking-Game,
 To countenance their cursed Sin.

Like

12

Like that IGNATIAN-Latian Colledge,
Where, under Shew of Sacred Knowledge,
They studie State and Stratagems ;
Making a staple Trafick of it,
(After their Pleasure, or their Profit)
To murder Kings, and mangle Realmes :

13

Thee, I Z S V : (Mercifull and Meek)
They make a Tyrant (Nero-like)
Bloody and brute, to kill and quell :
Thee, S A V I O V R , Source of Innocence,
Thee, Prince of Peace and Patience;
They make a Fury, fierce and fell.

14

Thee, Justice-Fountain, Order's Authour;
They make Wrong's Fort, Confusion's Fautor :
Immortall Spring immaculate
Of Love, of Concord, and of V N I O N ,
They make Thee Trumpet of Dis-Union,
And Tinder of immortall Hate.

I 3

Such

15

Such *Cannons* roar from *Trent* and *Tiber*,
 From *Powder Traitors* bloodie Briber,
 Whole *HOLINESS*, is *Hollownesse* ;
 Whole *Synagogue*, is *Sinners Wrack* ;
 Whole *Faith*, is *F A V X & R A V A I L L A C Y*
 Whose *Deeds & Doctrine*, *Wickednesse*.

16

O, Where is then *The Holy Flocke* ?
 Call'd in one *Hope*, built on one *Rock*,
 Into one *Faith* incorporating ;
 Thorough one *Baptisme*, by one *Word*,
 Under one *Father* (*God and Lord*).
 One only *Prophet*, *Priest* and *King*.

17

There, there (as *Children of one Mother*)
 They succour and support each other,
 In *Union*, and in *mutuall Charitie* ;
 All making but one Body, being
 All of *One Minde*, in *One agreeing* :
 Bound by *One Bond of Peace, and Verity*.

O,

18

O, can Wee (wretched, witched Elues)
 Can Wee, Wee Many, boast our Selues
One Bread, one Body (*mystick wise*) ;
 And say that Wee are daily fed
 In common with one *Drinke* and *Bread*,
 Amid our Many Enemities ?

19

Alas ! Where are those *Saints* becomme,
 Worthy the style of *Christendome* ;
From S I N 's Dominion only freed ;
 Vesselis of Honor, full of *Grace*,
 Abounding in good-*Workes* apace ?
 None now good Thought hath; lesse good Deed.

20

Nothing but false *EQUIVOCATION* :
 Nothing but wilfull *Obduration* :
 Nothing but *Error* and *Disorder* :
 Nothing but *Pride* and *Insolence* :
 Nothing but impious *Impudence* :
 Nothing but *Treason, Theft, & Murder*.

Contempt

21

*Contempt of God and of all Good,
 Rape, Riot, Incest, Bribery, Blood,
 Perjurie, Plotting, all Impietie,
 With more then brutest Brutishnesse,
 This more-than-Iron-Age possesse:
 No Love, no Friendship, no Societie.*

22

*Court, Citie, Countrey, Euery Sort
 Of either Sex, make Sinne a Sport
 (Pride, Painting, Poys'ning, Cours'ning, Whoring);
 In Sloth, or Surfeit, euer-drown'd;
 To Bacchus, or Tobacco bound;
 With swearing, staring, stabbing, roaring.*

23

*Wrath, Envie, Sclander, and Suspicion,
 Fraude, Rancour, Rapine, and Ambition,
 With Blasphemies, all ouer-spread:
 Th'old Christians Badge, bright Charitie
 (Most frequent then; Now Raritie,
 Is, now-adayes, not downe, but Dead.*

We

24

We are so Punctual and Precise
 In Doctrine (*Pharasaik-wise*)
 To seem (at least) the most RELIGIOUS,
 That true RELIGION we deform,
 While to our Phant'sies we reforme
 Shadowes, and not our Selves, litigious.

25

RELIGION ! O, Thou Life of Life !
 How Wordlings, that profane thee rife,
 Can wrest thee to their Appetites !
 How Princes, who Thy Power defie,
 Pretend thee, for their Tyranny ;
 And People, for their false Delights !

26

Vnder Thy sacred Name, all-ouer,
 All Vicious all their Vices couer :
 The Violent, their Violence :
 The Proud, their Pride : the False their Fraud :
 The Theefe his Theft : her Filth the Band :
 The Impudent, their Impudence.

Ambition

24

Ambition, vnder Thee, aspires:

Avarice, vnder Thee, desires:

Sloth, vnder Thee, her Ease assyres:

Luze, vnder Thee, all other-flowres:

Wrath, vnder Thee, ouragious growes:

All Evill, vnder Thee, prelumes:

28

RELIGION, yet so venerable,

Th' arknow-adryes but made a Fable;

A holy Maske on: Poffies Browe,

Where-vnder lyes Disimulation,

Lined with all Abomination:

Sacred RELIGION, Where art Thou?

29

Not in the *Church*, with *Simonie*:

Nor on the *Bench*, with *Briberie*:

Nor in the *Court*, with *Machiauell*:

Nor in the *Citie*, with *Deceits*:

Nor in the *Coutrie*, with *Debates*:

For, What hath *Heaven* to do with *Hell*?

Sith

30

Sith whatsocuer Showe we make
 (For Profit or Promotions sake)

What-euer Colour we put-on ;
 Where, *Faith* no other Fruits affords,
 But ciuill-works (though ciuill words)
 Indeed is no RELIGION.

31

Reuerend RELIGION, Where's the heart
 That entertaines thee as thou art,
 Sincerely, for Thine owne respect ;
 Where is the Minde, Where is the Man,
 May right be call'd a *Christian* ;
 Not formall, but in true effect ?

32

Who fixing all his *Faith* and *Hope*
 On G O D alone, from sacred Scope
 Of his pure Statutes will neu stray :
 Who comes in Zeale and *Humblenesse*,
 With true and heartie *Singlenesse*,
 Willing to walke the perfect Way :

Who

33

Who loues, with all his Soule and Minde,
Allmighty G o d, All-Wise, All-Kinde,
 All-whole, All-Holy, All-sufficing :
Who but One onely G o d adores
 (Though Tyrants rage, and *Sathan* roares)
 Without digressing, or disguising :

34

Who **G o d's** due Honour hath not giuen
 To Other things, in Earth or Heauen ;
 But bow'd and vow'd to Him alone ;
 Has onely seru'd with filial Awe,
 Pleas'd and delighted in his Lawe,
 Discoursing Day and Night theron ;

35

Not, nor for Forme, or Fashion sake,
 Or, for a Time, a Showe to make,
 Others the better to beguile :
 Nor it, in Iest, to wrest or cite ;
 But in his heart it deep to write,
 And worke it with his hands the while ;

Loving

36

Louing his neighbour as him-Selfe,
 Sharing to him his Power, his Pelfe,
 His Counsailes, Comforts, Coates, and Cates:
 Dooing in all things to his Brother,
 But as Him-selfe would wish from Other,
 Not Offring Other what Hee hates:

37

Whose Heart, inclin'd as doth behouue-it,
 Valawfully doth Nothing couet
 (To Any an offence to offer):
 But, iust and gentle towards all,
 Would rather(vnto great, or small)
 Than doe one Wrong, an hundred suffer:

38

Not thirsting Others Land, or Life;
 Nor neiging after Maide or Wife;
 Nor ayning any Inury;
 Neither of polling, nor of pilling,
 Neither of cursing, nor of killing,
 Neither of Fraud, nor Forgerie;

But

39

But will confess, if he offend,
 Relent, Repent, and soone amend,
 And timely tender Satisfaction.

Sure His RELIGION is not fayned,
 Who doth and hath him Thus demeaned;
 Ay deadly hating Euill-action.

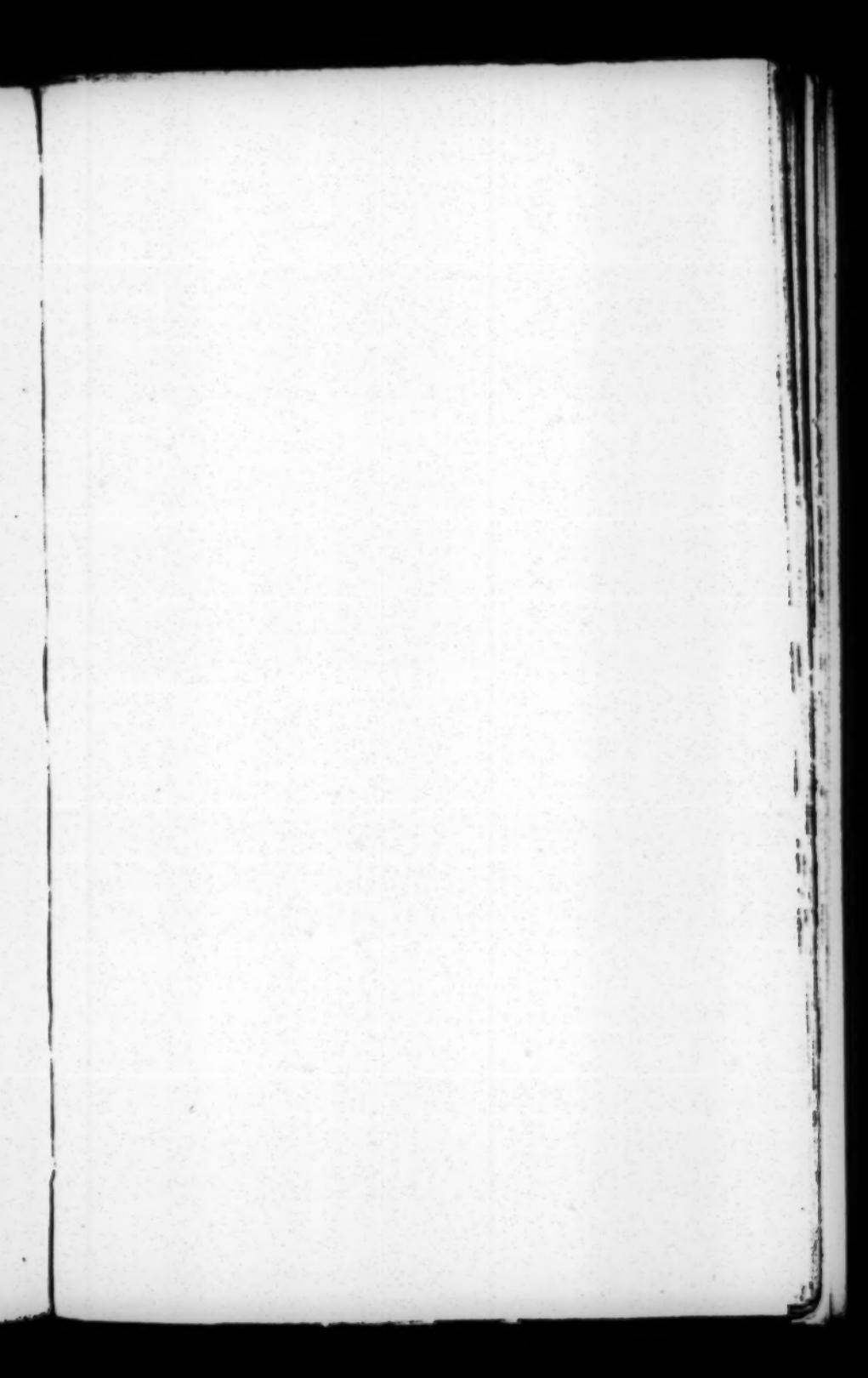
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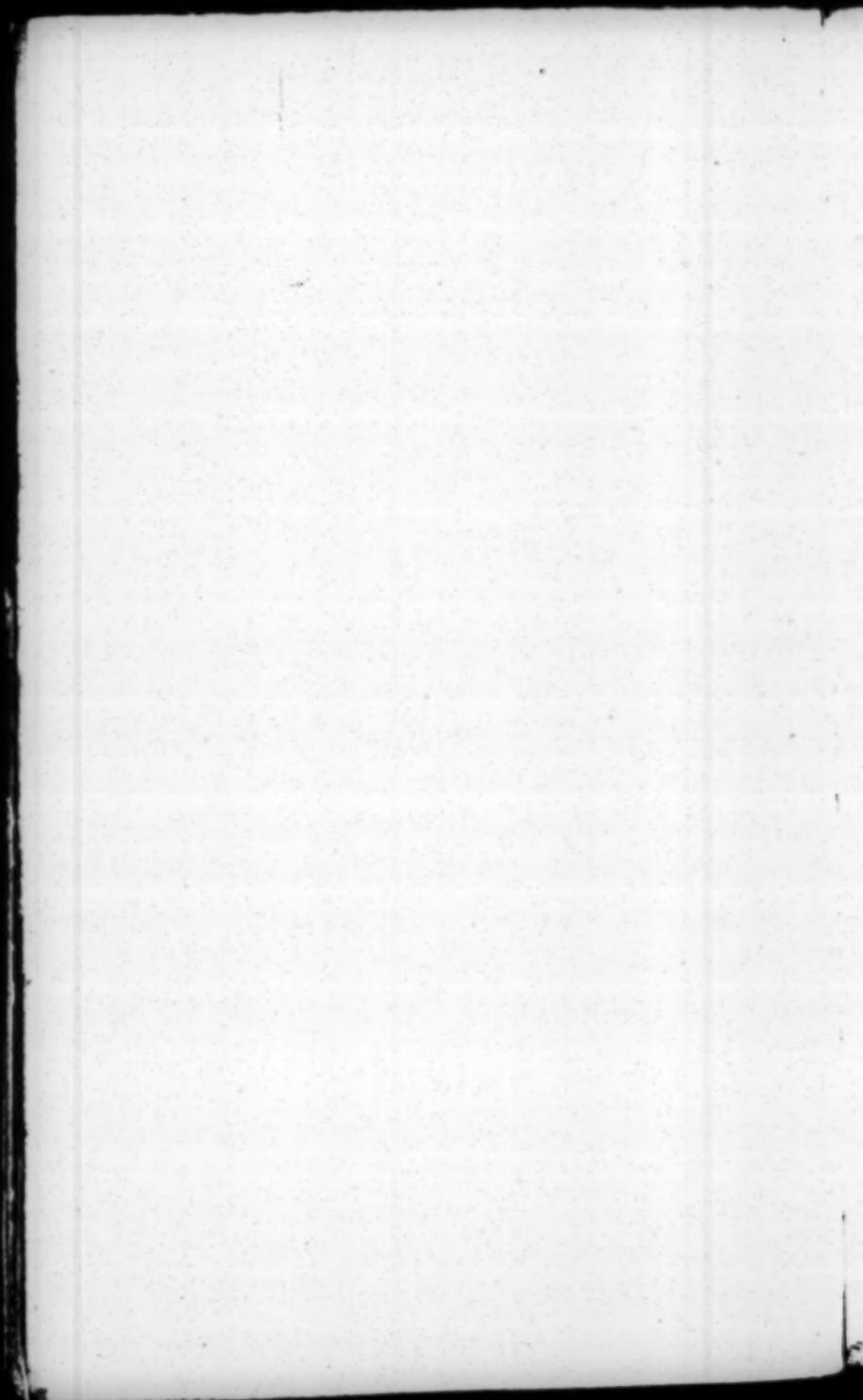
Therefore, O ! Vassalls of the Diuell,
 That cannot, will not, cease from Euill,
 Vessells of Wrath and Reprobation;
 Presume no longer Now to shrowd
 Under RELIGION's sacred Clowd
 Your Manifold Abomination.

41

If, But to seem good, goodly seem;
 To be good, betterfarre esteem:
 Why seem you what to be you care not?
 If To seem euill, be amisse;
 Sure, To be euill, worse it is:
 Why be you what To seem you dare not?
 Be, as you seem; or seem the same
 You be to free RELIGION's Blame.

FINIS.





A GLIMSE
OF
HEAVENLY IORIES:

Or
New
HIERVSALEM.

In
an old Hymne

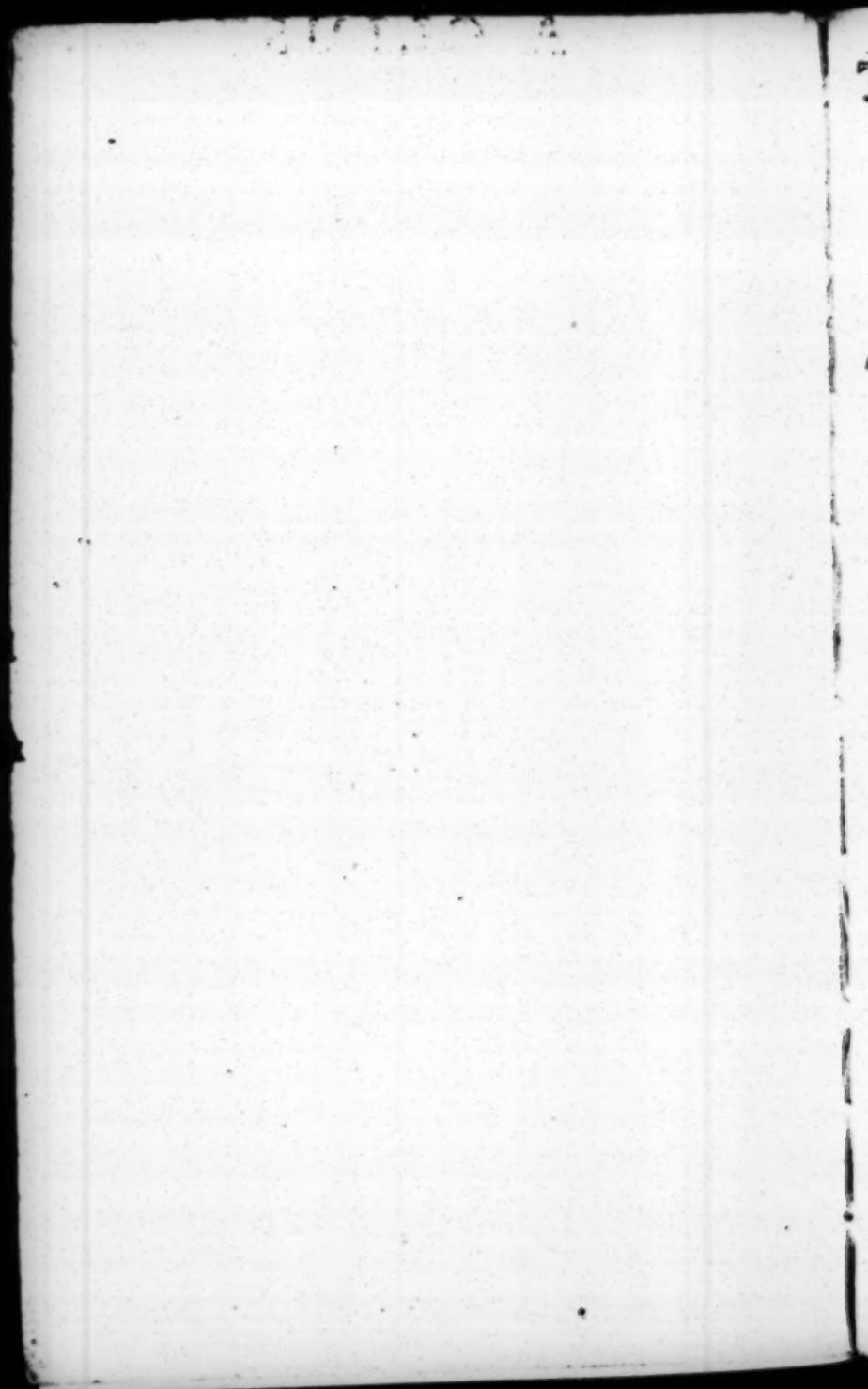
extracted

from

The most Diuine

S^t.

AVGVSTINE.



To the Worthy Friend of Worthinesse

S^r. PETER MANWOOD,
Knight of the Hon^{bl}. Order
of The Bath.

To register, to After-Times,
Your noble Favour to My Rimes;
Your loue to Vertue, Learning, Arts;
Your Bounty towards Worthy Parts;
Your Piety; and your pious Zeale
To GOD, to Church, to Common-wealth;
Your Loyaltie, in every kinde;
The Honour of your Humble Minde:
All, all my MANWOO D to rehearse,
Clerius a VOLUME, not a Verse.

But, poore & unidid I (that o're,
To many, Much; as many knowe;
And faine wold giv Content to Each,
So far-forth as my Stockes will reach)
Unable (after your Desires)
To rendyr All, wost vnder Part,

DEDICATORY.

To testifie my Thankfull-Thought,
(But as I could; not as I ought)
And what my Weakenes cannot pay,
To AL-MIGHTIE-most I humbly pray
To guerdon with a Diadem,
Within His NEW-JERUSALEM.

Yours

much Obliged,

Joshua Slyvester.

New

HIERVS ALEM.

* * *

M Y Heart (as Hart for Water) thirsts
For Life's eternall Fount :
My Soule, my Bodies Prisoner, longs,
From Prison free, to mount ;
Sighes, sues, purgat, poore Exile heer,
Her Country to recouer ;
Too-ablest, subiect to Dilgrace,
And too-too-tryumph't-ouer.

C She seemes to see the the Glory now,
Which, when she sinn'd, shew lost :

An instant Ill, of Good for-gone
Augments the Memory most.

C But, of celestiall Soueraine Blisse,
Who can set-forth the Solace !

Where stands, of euer-liuing Stones,
An euer-lasting Palace ;
The lofty Roofes and stately Roomes,
Reflecting golden beames :
The Gates and goodly Walls about,
Of rich and orient Gemmes :

K 2

The

The Streets, all pav'd with purest Gold,
As smooth as any Glasse is:
No Foile, no Soile, no Sorrow there;
No Sicknes thither passes.
No Winter's Frost, no Summer's Toall,
Doth there Distemper bring:
But Floweres perpetuall flowring there,
Make there perpetuall Spring.
There, *Balsame, saffron, Liliue, Rose,*
Doe sweat, tent, shine, and blush:
There, Mead, and Field(spring, spire, and yeeld;)
Rills, Milke, and Hony gush:
There *Aromatisches* breath-about
Their odoriferous Aire:
There, ever dangle dainty Fruits
On Trees full blooming faire:
There, neuer Moone doth waxe or wane,
Nor Sun, nor Starres decline;
But There, the *L A M B* (the Light of Lights)
Eternally dooth shine.
There, Time hath no altergate Term,
No Night, but ever Day;
For, There, the *Saints* are (as the Sun)
Most Bright, in white Array;

Triumphant; after Conquest, crownd,
In mutuall lou they greet;
Recounting safe the Battell fought,
Their Foes now vnder-feet;
Pure, purifid from dregs and drosses;
From fleshly Combats freed:
Their Flesh, made spirituall, with the Spirit,
In One self-same agreed:
In perfect and perpetuall Peace;
Subiect no more to sinning:
Obnoxious nor to Change, nor Chance;
Return'd to their Beginning.
And Face to Face for euer see
All Beauties Glory bright,
Possessing sempiternall Joyes,
In that supernall Sight
(The Sight of G O D, the Soueraign Good,
The Sunne of Happinesse,
Such as no heart e'er, heer comprise,
Nor any Art expresse.)
Installed in a Cliff full State
Of Glory, still The same;
As sure, is pure, from Faile or Fall,
From Scow, Sin, and Shame.

All ioyous, liuely, louely, bright,
 To no Miss-hap exposed :
No Danger, Death, Disease, nor Age;
 In Health and Youth reposed.
Henceforth, for all Eternitie,
 They flourish fresh and green :
For, Death is dead, Time termined,
 Corruption conquer'd cleen.
Now know they Him, that knoweth All,
 And in beholding Him
 They All behold (as in a Glasse)
 Before them bright and brin :
In Vnity of minde combi'nd,
 One very thing they Will ;
And euer Constant, neuer crosse,
 One and the same they Nill.
As heer in Grace, in Glory there,
 Though diuersify, they shal :
Loue equall's All ; Each louing All
 With mutuall Loue divine.
So that the Good of Euery one
 Becomes the Good of All.
Where lies the Body, lightly there
 Will Eagles flock and fall.

Where-with, with Angels, Sainted-Soules

Are aye refreſht and fed

(For, Either Countrie's Burgesſes

Are nouisht with One Bread)

And euer fain, though euer full;

Wishing but What they haue:

Not fated with Satietie;

Not needing more to cravet

Desiring still, their fill they cate;

And eating, still desire.

Still, new melodious Songs they sound

With Heau'ns harmonious Quire;

And Organs Worthy (for His Worth

Through Whom they ouer-came)

Ring Holy, Holy, Holy, Praise

To His most HOLY NAME.

C O happie, happie, happie, Soules,

That see Heau'ns King, aboue,

And underneath them Sun and Moon,

And all the World to moue!

C O Christ, victorius Lord of Heaffs,

So lead my Soule and Heart,

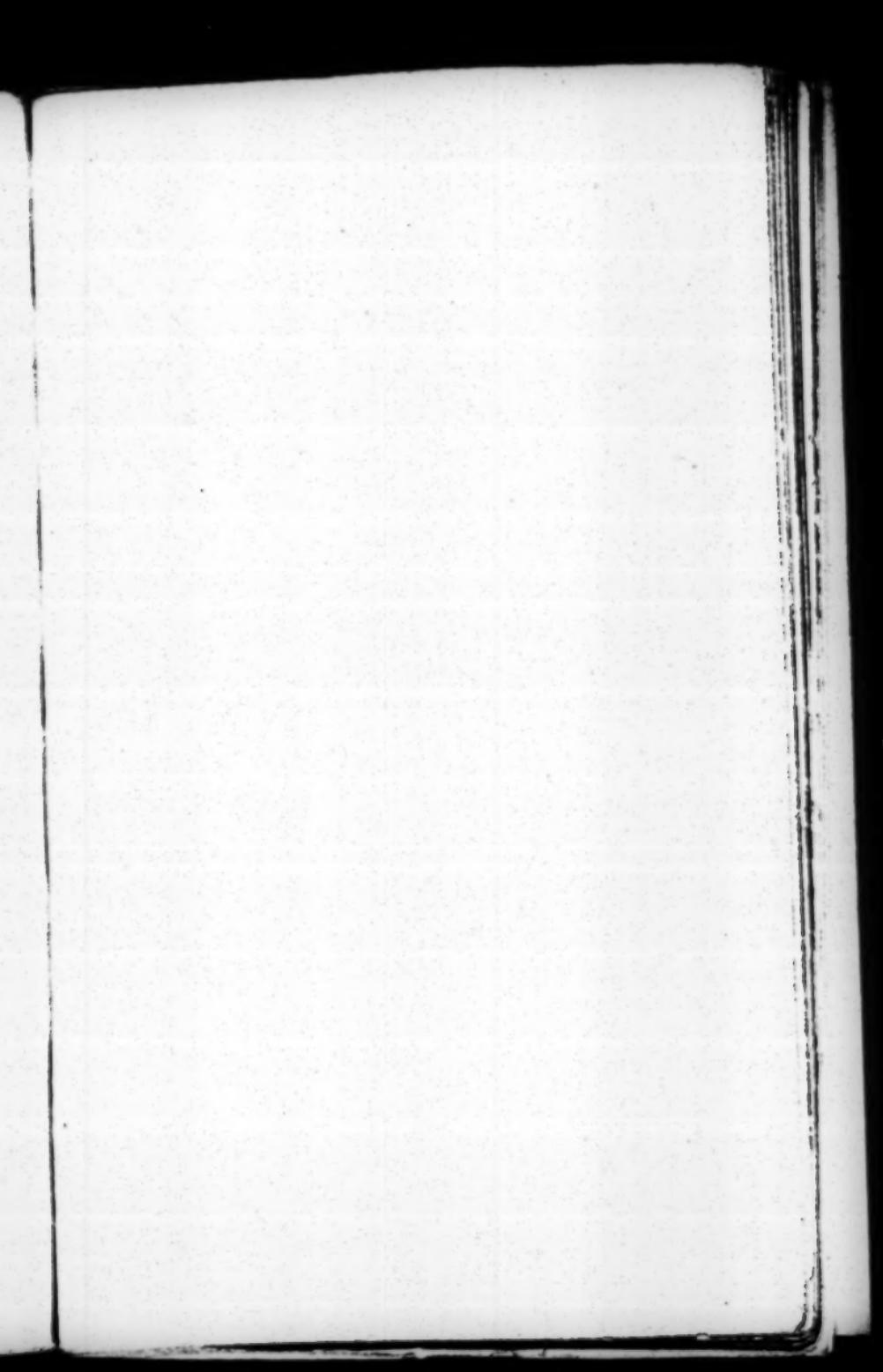
That, having fought, as heer I fought,

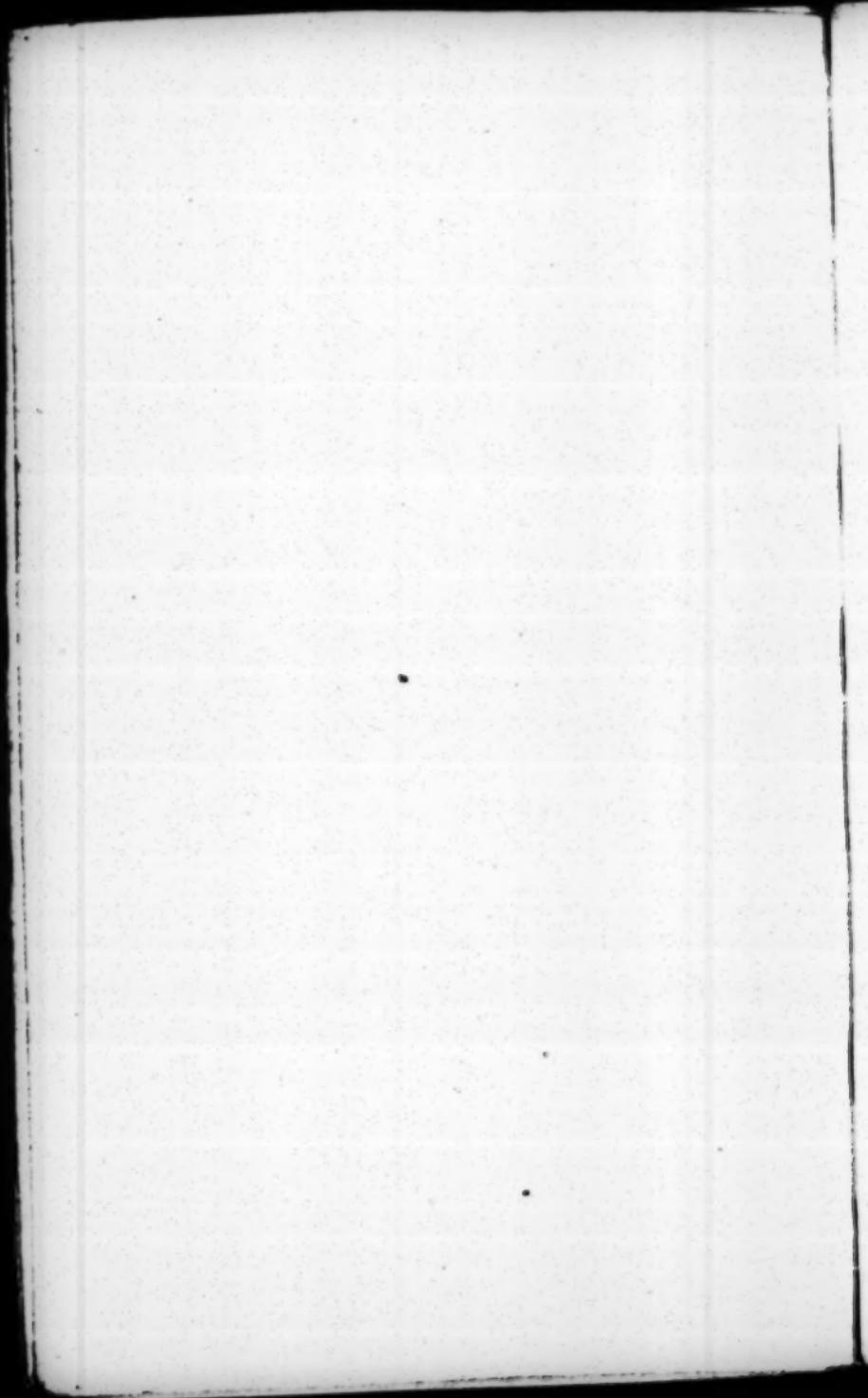
I may have there a Part

42 NEVV-HIERVSALEM.

*Among that Blessed Hierarchie,
In Hapinesse supreme,
A free and fellow-Citizen
Of NEVV-HIERVSALEM.
Vouchsafe me Grace to run my Race,
And strenuously to strive
Unto the End, that in the End
I may the Crowne atchieve :
Not for My Work, but for Thy Worth;
Thy Mercy, not My Merit :
So Land and Prayse be sung alwayes
To FATHER, SONNE, & SPIRIT.*

TRIN-VITI
DEO
*Creatori, Redemptori,
Directori
MEO,*
GLORIA
In Secula-Seculorum,
A M B M.





A V T O - M A C H I A ;

Or

THE SELF-CONFILCT

of

A CHRISTIAN.

from

THE LATIN

of

MR. GEORGE GOODWIN,

Translated

&

Dedicated

To

THE HONORABLE

(late)

La: MARY NEVIL.

By Iosvah SYLVESTER

TO

The trusty-Honorable

M^ris. Cecilia Nevil,

Anagramma italiano.

Cecilia Nevila.

E Vicina al Ciel.

Heavⁿs Neighbour is your Anagram:
Your Noble Graces prove the same.

FAIRE HEIRE OF ALL YOUR MOTHER S GOOD
(Wit, Virtue, Beautie, Bountie, Blood)

AMONG THE HONORS THAT ACCRUE,
BY HER DECEASE DIVELY'D TO YOU,
MINE HUMBLE SERVICE AND THIS SONG,
(HOW LITTLE) DOETH NOT LEAST BELONG
(IN LITTLE YES A MICKLE RIGHT:

AS IN A MILLION IN A MITE)
TO HER MEMORIAL, AND YOUR MERIT,
TRUE MIRROR OF MINERVA'S SPIRIT.

ACCEPT IT THEREFORE, DOUBLE YOURS;
BY HER DONATION, AND BY OURS,

HUMBLY DEVOTED
(AS MOST BOUND)
TO BOTH YOUR NOBLE FAMILIES;

JOSEPH SYLVESTER.

TO
The Right Noble,
Vertuous & learned
LADIE,
The Ladie MARY Nevil.

Maria Nevila.

Aia Minerva.

M *Adame, Your loue to Learning, and the Learned;*
(In such a time, full of Arts neglect)
ight worthily to Your rare Self hath earned
The Loue of Learning, and the learned Sect:
Whereby, Your Name already is esteemed
In MEMORIES faire Temple, high erected:
And there devoutly at Your Vertues Shrine,
I humbly offer this poore M I T E of Mine;

Ton small & Present, to so great a GRACE;
And too unworthy of Your Worhinesse:
See that the Mitter to exceeds the Massie,
that oft (perhaps) a greater may be lesse:
or, You may see, within This little Glasse,
the LITTLE-WORLD's great-little. Mindednes:
MAN's Strife with MAN; Our Fleſh & spirit in Duel:
Contagious Cowards, too-selfe-biſtly-Cruel.

DEDICATORY.

Poach, safe & accept then This smal New-yeeres-Gift,
With humble Vowes of a dis-affred Muse,
Which lauishly hath sown her Seeds of Thrift
So high and dry, that yet no Fruit ensues.
Else need Shee not haue made so hard a Shift;
Nor this small Gift so greatly to excuse.
But sith, as yet, Shee cannot what Shee would;
Madame, accept her Zeal, & what Shee could.

To Your Honobl. Vertues
most deuoted,

Ios. SYL.

A V T O.

AVTO-MACHIA.

or

Self-Ciuit-Warr.

I Sing not P R I A M , nor the Siege of T R O Y :
 Nor Agamemnon's Larr with Thetis Joy :
 I sing not heer A E N E A S stormfull Fate ;
 Quene Dido's loue, nor Goddesse Iuno's hate :
 I sing not C A E S A R , nor his Sonne-in-law ;
 Whose ciuill Rage Rome and Pharsalia saw .
 I sing my S E L F ; my Ciuit-Warrs within ;
 The VICTORIES I howrely lose and win ;
 The dayly Duel, the continuall Strife ,
 The Warr that ends not, till I end my life .
 And yet, not Mine alone, not onely Mine ,
 But every-One's, that vnder th' honor'd Signe
 Of C H R I S T his Standard, shal his Name enroule ,
 With holy Vowes of Body and of Soule .

Vouchsafe, O Father, succour from aboue ;
 Courage of Soule, comfort of he w'ny Loue :
 Triumphant Captaine, Glorious General ,
 Furnishe me Armes from thine owne Arcenail :
 O Sacred Spirit, My spirit's assistant bee ;
 And in This Conflict, make Mee conquer Mee .

V E R T V E I loue, I leane to Vice; I blame
 This wicked World, yet I imbrace the same.
 I climbe to Heav'n, I cleue to Earth: I both
 Too-loue my Self, and yet my Self I loath.
 Peace-less, I Peace pursue, in Cisill Warr,
 With and against my Self, I joyne, I iarr:
 I burn, I freeze; I fall downe, I stand fast:
 Well-ill I fare; I lory, though disgrac't:
 I die aliue: I triumph, put to flight;
 I feed on Gares, in Teares I take delight:
 My Slaue (base-braue) I serue; I roame at large,
 In libertie, yet lie in Gaolers Charge:
 I strike, and strok my Self: I kindly-keen,
 Work mine own Woe, rub my Gal, rouze my Spleen.
 Oft, in my Sleep, to see rare Dreams I dreame;
 Waking, mine Eye doth scarce discerne a Beame.
 My Minde's strange Megrime whirling to and fro,
 Now thrusts me hither, thither then doth throw.
 In diuers Factions I my Self diuide;
 And All I tir, and flie to every Side.
 What I but now desir'd, I now dildain:
 What (late) I weigh'd not, now I wish again:
 To-Day, to-Morrow; This, That, Now, Anon,
 All, Nothing, eare I; Euer Neuer-one.

Dull Combatant, vnready for the Field,
Too tardie take I (after wound:) my Shield.
Still hurried headlong to vnlawfull things,
Downe-dragging Vice Me eas'ly down-ward dings:
But, sacred Virtue climbes so hard and hie,
That hardly can I her steep steps desrie.

Both Right and Wrong with Mee indiferent are:
My Lust is Law: what I desire, I dare.,
(Is there so loule a Fault, so fond a Fact,
Which, Folly asking Furie dares not act?)
But, Art-les, heart-les, in Religion's Cause
(To doo her Lessons, and defend her Lawes)
The All-proof Armour of My God I lose,
Fly from my Charge, and yeeld it to his Foes.

Guiltie of Sinn, Sinn's Punishment I shun,
But not the Guilt, before th' Offence be doa
(For, How could shunning of a Sinn, eniew
To be occasion of another New?)
Oft and again at the same stome I trip,
As if I learn'd, by falling, not to slip.
Aliue, I perish, and my Selfvndoo;
Mine eyes (Self-wise) Witting and Willing too;
Sick, to my Self I run for my Relief;
So, Sicker of my Physicke, than my Grief:

For;

For, while I seeke my swelting Thirst to swage,
 Another Thirst more ragingly doth rage:
 While, burnt to death, to coole me I desire;
 With Flaines my Flaines; with Sulphur, quench¹ Fires
 While that I stiue my swelling Waues to stop,
 More stormily they tolle at ouer my top.
 Thus am I cur'd, This is my common Ease;
 My *Medcine* still, worse than my worst Disease:
 My Sores with Sores, my wounds with wounds I heal,
 While to my Self, my self I still conceal.

O what lewd Leagues ! what truces make I still,
 With Sin, with Sathan, and my wanton Will !
 What slight occasions doo I take to sinn !
 What silly Traines am I intrapp'd in !
 What sly Cloaks for Crimes ! what Nets to hide
 Notorious Sins, already long descri'd !
 I write in Ice (Windes Witnes, sign'd with Showrs)
 I will redeem my foule Life's former howrs :
 But, soone the swinge of Custome (Whirlwind-like)
 Rapt my Passion (ever Fashion-sick)
 Transports Me to the Contrary; alone,
 Faint Guard of Goodnesse: Arm-les Champion.

My Green sick Taste doth nothing sweeter finde,
 Than what is bitter to a gracious Mande :

Egypt's

Egypt's fat Flesh pots I am longing-for:
Th' eternall *Manna* I doe euen a-horre.
World's Monarch *Mammon* (drophie Mystical)
Cround, round-fac't G idelle, coyned *Belial*:
Midas' Desire, the Miser's onely Trust;
The facred hunger o' *Pastroian Dust*,
Gold, Gold bewitches me, an i frets accurst
My greedy i broat with more than *Dipian Thirst*.
My minde's a Gulf, whole Gaping Nought can stuff;
My heart a Hell, that never hath enough:
The moie I haue I craue, and lesse content;
In Store most i'ore, in Plenty Indigent.
For, of these Cat's, how-much so-ere I cram,
It doth not stop my Mouth, but strech the same.
Sweet *Vsurie*'s Incestuous *Interest*,
For Dalleys, Dolours hoordeth in my Chest.
The World's Slave *Profit*, & the Minde's Slut *Pleasure*
(Insatiate Both, Both bound-lels, Both past measure:
This *Cleo, atra* That *Sardanapale*)
For huge Annoyes, bring loyes but short and small,
O, Miracle! begot by Heauen, in Earth
(My Minde divine, My Bodie brute by Birth)
O! what a Monster am I, to depaint!
Halic-Friend, halfe-Fiend, halfe-Sauage, halfe a Saint;
Higher

High'r than my Fire doth my grosse Earth aspire :
My raging Fleth, my retch-lefle Force doth tire,
And (drunk with Worlds-Musit, & deep sunk in Sleep)
My spirit (the Spy, that warie Watch shouda keep)
Betrayes, alas ! (woe that I trust it so)
My Soule's deer Kingdome, to her deadly Foe.

Through Cares & harybdis, & rough Gults of Grief,
Star-lar-bord run I, Sailing a lony Life
On merry-sorry Seas ; my Minde, my Will,
My Ship, my Flesh ; My Senie, my Pilot still.

As in a most Seditious Common-weale,
Within my Brest I feel my Batt rebell :
Against their Prince my furious People rise ;
Their Aw-less Prince dares his owne Lawe despise.
Mine Eve's an Out-law : And my struggling Twins
Jacob and Esau never can be fricnds.
Such deadly Feud, such discord, such despight
(Euen betweene Brethren) such continuall fight.

What's done in Me, Another doth, not I ;
Yet both (alas !) my Guest and Enemy :
My minde, vn-kind (uborned by my Foe)
Indeed, within me, but not with me Tho ;
Never, yet far-off; in fleshly Lees be-loild,
And with the World's contagious Filth defil'd.

I am too-narrow for mine owne Desires;
My Selfe denies me, what my Selfe requires:
Fearfull I hope: carefull-secure I languish:
Hungry too-full; Dry-Drunken; lugred Anguish;
Wearie of Life, merry in Death; I suck
Wine from the Pumice; Hooy from the Rock.
On Thornes my Grapes; on Garlick growes my Rose;
From Crums my Sums; from Flint my Fountain flowes:
In shewres of Teares, mine houres of Fears I mourne:
My Looks to Brooks, my Beams to Streams I turne:
Yet, in this Torrent of my Torments rife,
I sink Annoyes, and drink the Ioyes of Life.

Dim light, brim night; Beams wauing clowdy-cleers:
Vnstable State, void Hope, vaine Help, far-neer:
False-true Perswation, Law-leis Lawlueis;
Confused Method, Milde-wilde War-like Peace:
Disordered Order, Mournetull Meriments;
Dark Day, Wrong way, Dull double-Diligence:
Infamous Fame, known Error, Skil-leis Skill:
Mad Minde, rude Reason, au vnvilling Vill:
A healthie Plague, a wealthie Want, poor Treasure,
A pleasing Torment, a Tormenting pleasure:
An odious Lust, a vgly Beauty; basse
Reproachful riot, our, a disgracfull Grace:

A fruit-less Fruite, A dry dis-flowred Flower :
 A feeble force, a Conquered Conquerour :
 A sickly Health, dead Life, and rest-lessle Rest,
 These are the Comforts of my Soule distrest.

O ! how I Like, Dis-like; Disire, Disdaine;
 Repell, repeal ; loathe, and delight againe !
 O ! What, Whom, Whether (neither Flesh nor Fish)
 How, weary of, the same againe I wish !
 I will, I nill ; I nill, I will ; my Minde
 Perwading This, my Mood to That inclin'd.
 My loule Affection (*Proteus-like*) appeares
 In euery Forme ; at-once it frownes and fleeres.
 Mine ill-good Will, is vaine and variable :
 My (*Hydra*) Flesh, buds Heads innumerable :
 My Minde's a Maze ; a Labyrinth, my Reason :
 Mine Eye (false Spy) the Doore to Phanties Treason :
 My rebell Senle (Self-soothing) still affects
 What it should fly ; What it should ply, neglects :
 My flitting Hope, with Passions Storms is tost
 But now to Heauen, anon to Hell almost :
 Concording Discord kils me ; and againe,
 Discording Concord doth my Life sustaine.

My Selfe at once I both displease and please ;
 Without my Selfe, my Selfe I faine would Seaze :

For, my too-much of Me, Me much annoyes:
And my Selfe's Plenty, my poore Selfe destroys:
Who seeks Me in Me, In Me shall not finde
Me as my Selfe: *Hermaphrodite in minde,*
I am (at once) Male, Female, Neuter: yet
What-ere I am, I am not mine, I weet:
I am not with my selfe, as I conceiue:
Wretch that I am, my Selfe, my Selfe deceiue:
Vnto my Selfe, my Selfe: my Selfe betray:
I, from my selfe, banish my Selfe away:
My Selfe agrees not with my Selfe a iot,
Knowes not my Selfe; I haue my Selfe forgot:
Against my Selfe, my Selfe mooue I arres vniust;
I trust my Selfe, and I my Selfe distrust:
My Selfe I followe, and my Selfe I fly:
Besides my Selfe, and in my Selfe, am I:
My Selfe am not my Selfe, another same;
Vnlike my Selfe, and like my Selfe I am;
Selfe-fond, Selfe-furious: and thus, Wayward Elfe,
I cannot liue, with, nor with-out my Selfe.

FINIS.

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H A Cup of Consolation for
the Christian in his
Conflict.

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VVHy, Silly Man, sick of exceeding Griefe,
LWhat boots it Thee, vncertain of thy Life,
FOf thy Disease to make so much adoo ?
NThou coward Souldier, and vntoward too,
IAway with Feare : defie both Death and Hell:
HMeet Armes with Armes, and Darts with Darts repell :
HSo, the first On-set, in this furious Fray,
NShall towards Heauen make thee an easie Way ;
IAnd open wide those Gates so hardly wonne,
NWhere Snowie-winged *Victorie* doth wunne :
VThou must be valiant, and with Dant-less brest
IRush through the thickest, Run vpon the best
IOf brauitg Foes ; and on their Flight and Foile,
REare noble Trophies of triumphart Spoile.
FFor, This World's Prince, dark Limboe's Potentate,
Drifts Man's Destruction, and with deadly Hate
(Stull Strife-full) labours, and by all meanes seeks
To trouble All, and Heauen with Hell to mix.

Great War with-in there is ; great War with-out ;
 With Flesh and Blood, and with the World about.
 On this Side, smiling *Hope* (with smoothest brow)
Faile, promiseth long Peace, and Plenty too :
 On that Side, fallow *Feare* (with fainting breath)
 Checks those proud thoughts with Threats of War &
 And (weary of it Selfe) it Self distrusts, (Deathes
 It Selfe destroyes, and to Confusion thrusts ;
 And ignorant of it selfe's Good (yer Tryall)
 In Jealous Rage it even betraies the loyall.

Here, Cloud-browd Sorrow, Whistle-wind-like it bies
 Th' amated Minde to rouse and tyrannize :
 There, dimpled by nimble entangled round
 Her gawdy Troops that stand vpon no ground ;
 Whose brittle Glede and glorie lasts and shines
 As Stubble-Fire, and Dust before the Windes.

What should I speake of all the marefull Wiles,
 And cunning Colours of mysterious Guiles,
 Where-with Death's Founder, and thy Lifes dard Foe,
 Improudient Man-kind doth overthrow ?

Yet, be COURAGEOUS, yeeld not unto Euills :
 Resist Beginnings, and defie the Duell.
 For sure Defence amid thele fell Alarms,
 Quick buckle-on these ay-victorious Arms :

First,

First, gird thy Loynes with *Truth*; thy Bosome dresse
 In the sure Breast-plate of pure *Righteousnesse* :
 Put, on thy Head, the Helmet of *Saluation* :
 Upon thy Feet, Shooes of the Preparation
 Of *Heaven's Glad-tidings*: Beare vpon thine Arme
 The Shield of *Faith* (Shot-free from euery harme).
 Hell's fierie Darts repell thou with the same; (Flames
 And through it's Splendor, quench their Flame with
 Take in thy hand the bright two-edge-Sword
 Of *God's Soule-parring, Marrow-piercing, Word*:
 Thus compleat arm'd from *God's owne Arcenal*,
 And watching duely for his Aide to call,
 Thou without doubt shalt quickly ouer-come
 The World, the Flesh, Sin, Death, & Hell (in summe).
 And so (through *CHRIST*, thy Captain, & thy King)
 Of Sin, thy Selfe, And *Sathan* triumphing,
 Thou shalt (in fine,) the *Happy Crowne* obtaine,
 And in th' eternall Promis'd *Kingdome* raigne.

FINIS.

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